

BRICK PLANTS REOPEN, BUT MEN REFUSE TO WORK

Reject Offer of \$1.35 for a Ten-Hour Day and Demand \$1.50.

TROOPS STILL ON GUARD

Yard Foreman at Keasbey Hears of a Threat to Kill Him.

Pursuant to the notices that were posted last night the National Fireproofing Company opened its three plants to-day in the brick-making belt on the Raritan River in New Jersey, where six companies of National Guards have been on duty since last Wednesday keeping peace between the striking workmen and the deputies guarding the various factories.

But there was no response. The forces of Hungarian and Slav laborers declined to return to their old jobs at a promised wage of \$1.35 for a ten-hour day. They have been demanding \$1.50 instead of the \$1.15 that they had been receiving.

The National Company was the first of the larger companies which are affected by the strike to start its fires. Promptly at 7 o'clock this morning the doors were opened at the works in Perth Amboy, Keasbey and Raritan. At Keasbey, where ordinarily four hundred men are employed, not a single man appeared.

Promised an Increase.
At Perth Amboy a crowd of about 250 of the foreigners gathered at a safe distance from the soldier-guarded works. The superintendent went out and threatened them, urging the men to come back to their old jobs and pledging his word that wages would be advanced to \$1.50 as soon as business conditions warranted. The men jeered and whistled and then scattered into small groups and moved out of hearing.

Practically the same thing happened at Raritan, where 400 men showed up, who after listening to Superintendent Mills in sullen silence marched back to their homes.

Superintendent Mills told Col. Dugan, in command of the troops, that a large number of the men wanted to come back but were intimidated by their leaders. The argument of the malcontents was that Saturday is a half holiday anyway it would be better for the men to wait until Monday and start with a full day. The owners of the plants said this was only a ruse to gain more time.

A Threat of Revenge.
Having lost their patience, some of them were reported to be negotiating with a New York detective agency for a large force of newly landed immigrants to be used as strike-breakers. It was the expectation that some of these strike-breakers might be brought in tomorrow escorted by troops. If this should happen there would be danger of fresh outbreaks.

Andrew Poph, yard foreman of the Keasbey plant of the National, did not join the strikers. He received a letter from a friend among the strikers last night warning him that he would be waylaid and killed today as he came to work. According to the letter his friend had overheard some of the other men saying Poph was a traitor to his own countrymen and deserved death for allying himself with the deputies, who had shot seven of the men during the rioting that preceded the calling out of the Second Infantry. They were plotting to ambush him, kill him and throw his body into a clay pit. Poph was warned and stayed at home.

EXONERATES RICH MAN ACCUSED BY ACTRESS

Auerbach Honorably Discharged in Court, When Woman Fails to Prove Theft.

Hermann Auerbach, owner of several apartment houses, who lives at No. 38 Central Park West, was honorably discharged in the Harlem Court today by Magistrate Crane. He had been arrested on the complaint of Carrie Remley, who says she is an actress, of No. 121 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, and who alleged that he had beaten and robbed her in a hotel.

Following the arraignment of the real estate man yesterday, Magistrate Crane gave the woman subpoenas for employees of the Hotel Monmouth, at One Hundred and Twenty-third street, and Eighth avenue, where, she claimed, she was robbed of \$5, a gold bracelet and a chain.

In court to-day John Thompson, a clerk, stated that on the night the woman claimed she was robbed, Nov. 9, a chain had been found in the room and had been returned to her. The bracelet, he testified, was now at the hotel waiting for her.

Upon hearing this Magistrate Crane said to the woman:

How Faure Was Handed the Drink of Death by a Woman



Through His Only Vanity, His Desire to Pose as the Father of the People, His Removal Was Accomplished.

In a series, "Diplomatic Mysteries," by Vance Thompson, Success, in October, 1904, printed under the caption "How the Plot Was Hatched That Ended the Life of President Faure," an expose from which the following are extracts:

Great ladies whose wants outrun their means, and the famous actresses who are favorites in society of a certain kind have always been useful members of the secret police of France. That was true under the first Napoleon and under the Bourbons who succeeded him. It is true today. The most conspicuous member of the Comedie Francaise—formerly of the Odéon—is an actress who has played a part in two dark political crimes. Incidentally, she was a spy set upon Felix Faure, with which mention she may pass on down her road of celebrity. She courted for nothing in the tragedy.

Trapped by Vanity.
Every hour, by day and night, he (Faure) was under surveillance. He could not smoke his wooden pipe, nor go to England; he could not walk abroad in his capital city; and he could not lie down, unseen of watchful, undiscoverable eyes. Not alone the officer de paix, the brigadier, and twenty inspectors of the brigade des recherches were detailed upon this business; among those with whom he dined and sat at cards and played billiards, among his social companions and official collaborators, were subtle auxiliaries of the police. Oddly enough, for Felix Faure was a Frenchman like any other, they trapped him in no evil doing.

Every man has his unguarded side. There never was a suit of mail without a chink in it. Of all public men, at least of our contemporaries, Felix Faure was the vainest. The streak of vanity had hardened in him early.

"Don't stick in front of me," said Francis I, le vieux parleur. This president had an imperious need of "appearing," and his vanity was kindly. He loved to pose as a patron. King Copletus was not more ready to leave his throne to the beggar lass by the side than he.

There is in Paris an illustrator whose work in black and white and in color has lifted him into prominence; every one knows his pictures—these sad, accurate glimpses of nocturnal Paris, these scenes of daily life brutalized by labor and deformed by corsets and delights. His wife gained the acquaintance of Felix Faure; what unhappy tale she told the old, kindly man neither you nor I may know.

He had helped many troubled folks; he liked too well to pose as the father of his people, and this occasion tempted him. The clock of Felix Faure, he left the palace of the Elysée and drove to his home of art and intrigue. The house was not far from the Gare Saint Lazare, not far from the Lycee Condorcet; it was in a street that led into Rue Cassini.

Went to His Death.
In his own carriage, surrounded by a cloud of police agents, the President of France drove to the house. The door was opened; he went up the stairs to his death.

To scores of men in Paris the mystery of Felix Faure's death is no mystery at all. One of the most accomplished of European publicists, Henry Dunay, lifted the curtain for a moment then, remembering how improbable the truth might appear, let it fall. It was a problem every journalist has faced. Indeed, at that time, when Paris

MANY LOVERS OF WOMAN IN PARIS MYSTERY

"Charm of Men" Was Mme. Steinheil Called by Those Who Knew Her.

MORE DETAILS OF LIFE.

All France Wild Over Scandal Which Clouds Death of President Faure.

PARIS, Nov. 28.—The Steinheil case continues to be the sensation of the hour in all France, and is practically the only topic of conversation in every class of society. No one ventures to say where the revelations will end. The political side looms larger and larger every day, and the interest harks back always to the tragic death in Paris in 1899 of Felix Faure, a former President of France. M. Faure died in the midst of the Dreyfus excitement.

The most minute details of the scene in the room in which he expired in the company of Madame Steinheil are today magnificently published by even the Republican newspapers up to the present time this incident in the career of Madame Steinheil has only been referred to covertly. The Royalist and anti-Dreyfus organs are demanding an official investigation into the death of M. Faure, and intimate openly that M. Faure, as the responsible obstacle to the leaders of the Dreyfus agitation, was the victim of a plot. They have put forward the old allegation that M. Faure intended to yield to the petitions of the Dreyfusards and sign an order for the revision of the case, and that consequently he was poisoned.

The only reason to believe that M. Faure did not die a natural death is found in the fact that his body decomposed with unusual rapidity, and to offset this there are the statements of five of the best known physicians of Paris, who certified that he died of cerebral hemorrhage.

The other story, that Madame Steinheil was present when he passed away, seems unfortunately to be true, and great regret is expressed that circumstances have now compelled the disclosure to the world of this old scandal which the Faure family and the friends of the former President thought was buried with his body.

State Secrets in Letters?
That letters containing evidence of M. Faure's relations with Madame Steinheil were surrendered after his death probably is true, but the idea that these communications contained compromising state secrets is rejected by all who were behind the scenes at the time.

With regard to the crimes themselves—Mme. Steinheil's husband and her stepmother, Mme. Japy, were four hundred miles from the scene of the crime on the night of the 17th of this year, and at the same time Mme. Steinheil was discovered bound and gagged—the net is drawing closer and closer around the wife. Stories of her numerous romantic affairs with persons of note in political and artistic circles are coming to light daily and they prove what a remarkable woman she was. She is now called "The Charm of Men." Her salon was dazzlingly brilliant.

Her last lover, in whose eyes she declared she wanted to justify herself, has now been discovered and his identity furnishes a clue to a motive for the crime. He is a rich widower and resides in a famous chateau near Mezières in the Department of the Ardennes. He is not implicated in the crime.

When seen by a journalist this man, who is the father of three children, protested so frantically at the disgrace an exposure would bring. He said he was ready to commit suicide, but nevertheless he made a clean breast of his relations with Mme. Steinheil. He described how he had met her at a reception at the Steinheils. The gathering was a distinguished one. He fell easily under the spell of Mme. Steinheil's charms. He soon got into the habit of meeting her at the "Green Lodge," a villa at Bellevue which Mme. Steinheil, a widow, had bought for \$100,000 from Mrs. A. A. McGregor, of No. 31 West Seventy-third street, for being honest. Mrs. McGregor lost a chateau in the Bois de Vincennes, which she had bought at the hotel Thanksgiving night, and it was found by the waiter.

Gets \$100 for Honesty.
Eugene Trevis, a waiter at the Plaza Hotel, has received a reward of \$100 from Mrs. A. A. McGregor, of No. 31 West Seventy-third street, for being honest. Mrs. McGregor lost a chateau in the Bois de Vincennes, which she had bought at the hotel Thanksgiving night, and it was found by the waiter.

For a Month an Idol.
"For a month it was an exquisite idyll," said this man in describing the episode. "Mme. Steinheil said she adored me, and at each meeting she made new avowals and swore I was the only lover she had ever had." She told me of her past and denied this gossip of her relations with other men. She insisted particularly that the Faure story was a legend, and said that she could prove that she was home all at the time of M. Faure's death. She admitted, however, that she hated her husband and said she had an "infamous existence." She detested her mother-in-law, and having forced her to marry Steinheil.

She assured her lover that she would get a divorce and marry him. This man related how the plot gradually fell from his eyes. When the plot was broken he returned home. Mme. Steinheil, however, continued to pursue him, and telephoned him every day.

On the morning of the crime she called him up by long distance telephone, but the wire was not working and she said: "Finally she exclaimed: 'I am satisfied, for I have heard your voice, and I know you are home.' The next day when he learned of the murder he suspected the truth and came to Paris. He saw Mme. Steinheil and told her never to see him again until she had cleared herself.

Politicians in Fatal Fight.
Jersey City Contractor Held for Killing Pleads Self-Defense.

James P. Connolly, a building contractor, was arrested to-day before Judge Farmer in the First Criminal Court, Jersey City, on a charge of having shot and killed Joseph Marshall, who died last night in St. Francis Hospital. Connolly waived examination and was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

The shooting occurred on Wednesday night last, after the Democratic primary election. Connolly, a member of the Democratic party in the Third District of the Second Ward, was charged with having shot and killed Joseph Marshall, who died last night in St. Francis Hospital. Connolly waived examination and was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

SHOT DOWN IN THE DARKNESS ON AQUEDUCT

Murdered Man's Body Lay for Hours in Lonely Spot Before Discovery.

OSHING, Nov. 28.—James Lione, seventeen years of age, an Italian, who lived at No. 81 North Highland avenue, was found murdered to-day near the repair shop at the old Croton Aqueduct at Briarcliff. There was a bullet hole in his abdomen, and his face and head were badly cut and bruised.

No revolver was found about the place and Coroner Squire, who was notified, says the young man was probably murdered as he was on his way home from Briarcliff early last evening. The spot where the body was found is extremely lonesome, there being no houses near. So far the Coroner has been unable to find any one who heard any shooting.

The body was found by James Irving, who was on his way to work. He said the young man was lying on his back with both arms extended. His hat was lying a few feet from the body and as far as could be observed there were no signs of a struggle.

Lione was employed by A. C. Smith, a New York lawyer, shortly after dinner last night in talking to his home. Coroner Squire is seeking Tobie Funes to ascertain where he spent his time last night, and if he knows anything about the killing of Lione. The Coroner says he has learned that the two men quarreled on Thanksgiving night in a saloon at Oshing. Another Italian named Romeo Gattillo is being sought by Coroner Squire.

Scolded Girl Tries to Die by Poison.
After having been scolded by her parents for deceiving them, Beatrice Wright, eighteen years old, attempted suicide this afternoon in her home at No. 42 Third avenue, Brooklyn, by drinking turpentine. She was rushed to the Rushwick Hospital in time to save her.

Until last Monday the girl had worked in a Brooklyn department store. She lost her place but continued to leave the house at the same time each morning, returning late in the evening. Her father heard yesterday that she had been seen in Harlem, and this morning charged her with deceiving him. He scolded her severely and told her to leave the house. She would not permit her child to wander the streets as she had been doing.

Then her father told her to find her place of employment and a few minutes afterward the girl's mother found her unconscious on the floor of the house. She had contained turpentine beside her. At the hospital it was said that she would get well.

Boy is a Firebug TO SPIKE TEACHER.
BAKER CITY, Oregon, Nov. 28.—A series of disastrous fires during the past few months which resulted in \$40,000 loss has been traced to a fifteen-year-old boy, Golden Ormond, who has been arrested, and has, it is alleged, confessed his crimes to Pinkerton detectives.

Apparently the boy could not stand being disciplined by his school teacher and swore to "get even." One night the school building was burned and later other fires followed.

During this period citizens became so infuriated that passes were organized to patrol the streets. Mayor Johns issued an official statement advising them to kill on sight any one caught in the act of incendiarism.

The greatest single loss was the destruction of the St. Nicholas High School, recently built and equipped at a cost of \$35,000.

Factors of Safety.
The human body is a wonderful machine, provided with muscular, nervous and mental energy far in excess of normal needs. In health, the organs and tissues can do double the usual amount of work without strain or friction, because they have stored energy to meet the extra demand.

When you feel "all tuckered out," these factors of safety are nearly exhausted and you need to resort to

BEECHAM'S PILLS
to renew the supply of energy, wherever it may be called for. Indigestion, bilious attacks, constipation, loss of sleep, nervousness, dizzy spells, are warnings that the factor of safety in the stomach, liver, bowels or brain, is low, or nearing the danger point—and needs to be replenished.

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GIRL STRUCK BY CAR AS SHE TRIES TO SAVE CHILD

Nurse Injured on Amsterdam Avenue May Not Recover.

In an effort to save a four-year-old child, Margaret Meehan, a pretty nursemaid, threw herself in the path of a whirling trolley car at Ninety-fourth street and Amsterdam avenue this afternoon. Both of them are injured, but the child is almost certain to recover, while the brave girl's injuries are likely to be fatal.

The child's mother, Mrs. Anna Sprague, a widow, who teaches in the public schools, saw her baby and her servant run down from the front window of her apartment on the fifth floor of No. 235 West Ninety-fourth street, two doors from the corner. Miss Meehan had had for some months the care of four-year-old Carroll, Mrs. Sprague's only son.

After luncheon to-day Mrs. Sprague sent the nurse out with Carroll for an hour in Central Park. She watched their start from the window. Little Carroll waved his hand to his mother, and then as Miss Meehan halted to catch a message which her mistress was calling down to her the little chap darted away and ran into the roadway, heading diagonally across the avenue.

Saw Boy on Tracks.
A scream from Mrs. Sprague warned the girl. She turned to see little Carroll between the south-bound car tracks, while a car was bearing down upon him, with the motorman twisting at the brake with all his strength.

The girl sprang forward. She gave little Carroll a violent shove that sent him rolling. But the car was already upon them. It hit her first and tossed her a dozen feet away. Then, moving with diminished speed, the fender struck the four-year-old and flung him to one side.

Policeman Brennan, of the West One Hundredth street station, was passing on a bicycle. He carried the young woman and the child into the Bergman drug store on the corner and laid them on the floor side by side. Then he jumped for the telephone box and got the J. Hood Wright Hospital on the wire.

Screaming and sobbing, the mother burst through the crowd that was forming about the doors of the store, snatched up her boy in her arms, and laid him with grief and fear, ran back with him to her apartment. There Dr. Schofield, the ambulance surgeon, found her trying vainly to revive him when he came from the drug store where he had completed the task which the drug clerks had begun of binding up Miss Meehan.

The nurse was taken to the hospital, but Mrs. Sprague refused to let her child go too, so Dr. Schofield turned the little fellow over to the family physician, who had arrived in the mean while. Miss Meehan's injuries were said to be a fractured skull and internal injuries, in addition to a very severe concussion of the brain and internal organs.

The motorman of the car that felled the two was arrested at the end of his run and locked up on a technical charge of assault. He was Bernard Rogers, of No. 235 West Twenty-seventh street.

BATTLE WITH MOONSHINERS.
ANNISTON, Ala., Nov. 28.—A telephone message from the Turkey Haven Mountains, near here, says a pitched battle was fought to-day between moonshiners and deputies under the direction of United States Internal Revenue Collector W. W. Battle.

It is not known whether the moonshiners were captured or not, but the message said that several of the alleged moonshiners were captured and taken away with members of the Floyd gang.

James McGreery & Co.
23rd Street 34th Street

SILK DEPARTMENTS. In Both Stores.
"McCreery Silks."

Exhibition and Sale of the latest weaves and colors in Plain and Novelty Silks and Velvets. Suitable for evening and street wear.

On Monday and Tuesday, November 30th and December 1st.

Sale of Five Thousand yards Imported Black Satin Majestic. 75c per yard. former price 1.00

BLACK DRESS GOODS. In Both Stores.
Commencing Monday, November 30th.

Sale of Black Dress Goods, at greatly reduced prices.

All wool and Mohair Fabrics in Dress Lengths, suitable for Holiday presents. Neatly packed in boxes. 3.00 to 10.50 per pattern.

WASH DRESS GOODS. In Both Stores.
On Monday, November the 30th.

Dress Patterns suitable for Holiday Gifts. Percale, Seersucker, Poplin, Gingham, Bordered Silk and Cotton Eolienne and Chiffon, printed designs and numerous other Silk and Cotton novelty weaves. 1.20 to 8.75 per pattern.

Packed in boxes upon request.

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CRAZED HORSE SMASHES HIS WAY INTO A CELLAR

Shot After He Crashes Through Door of Small Store Room.

A big, raw-boned, white horse belonging to Tony Rose, a peddler, of 260, 413 East One Hundred and Sixth street, developed a sudden streak of "loose" while his master was on his early rounds to-day. As a result the residents of No. 211 East One Hundred and Fifth street have a dead horse in the cellar, and the problem of how to get him out has not yet been solved.

Rose left the horse standing in front of No. 207 East One Hundred and Fifth street, while he waited on his customer. When he came out of the house he found his wagon tilted up on the sidewalk and the horse half way down the walk steps. Rose could not pull the horse out, nor could Policemen Gibbons and England, who tried to help. So on the suggestion of the policemen the harness was cut and the old horse went tottling down into the cellar. He scrambled to his feet and ran through the basement door along back yard which runs behind the whole row of houses. He galloped about, snorting and kicking at every one who came near him.

Finally when he was outflanked he wheeled and plunged into the cellar of No. 211. A great crowd was after him by this time and they managed to corner him. Rose walked up and tried to grab the bridle, but the old horse hadn't finished his rampage. He smashed in the door leading into a small storeroom and squeezed through. Once in he couldn't get out.

Gibbons telephoned to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and they sent up Agent Joseph Jacobs. There was no chance of getting the horse out without pulling down the house. Jacobs solved the difficulty with a revolver. The horse will have to be dissected to get his body out.

COUNT VON WEDEL ON HIS WAY.
BERLIN, Nov. 28.—Count George von Wedel, who succeeds Baron von Hatzfeldt as First Secretary of the German Embassy at Washington, left Naples yesterday for New York on board the steamer Koenigin Luise, which Baron von Hatzfeldt has been made German Minister and Consul General at Cairo, Egypt.

A Treat for Weary Cathartic Users.
Did you ever experience the freshening up effect of a thorough bowel movement? Assuredly not if you are a dependor on cathartics, for no cathartic cleanses thoroughly. Consequently with your first dose of Dilaxin you are going to experience new sensation of complete toward cleanliness which is equivalent to saying that you are going to experience hereafter a greater sprightliness and vigor of both mind and body.

Dilaxin acts in its own peculiar and delicate way. Though harmless, it is the most complete bowel cleanser known. It is fortunate we have this mild and inexpensive substance to fall back on, for only by a thorough cleansing out can the intestines be invigorated into a natural regularity. Thorough cleansing alone permits them to gather new strength. Dilaxin takes Dilaxin in the kind tabbed by The Marmola Co., Detroit, Michigan, is the best, and after it has passed it leaves the bowels habitually enervated. Finally, to sum up all its advantages, Dilaxin is inexpensive. Enough to treat any ordinary case of constipation. It is made of your druggist for as little as twenty-five cents.

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